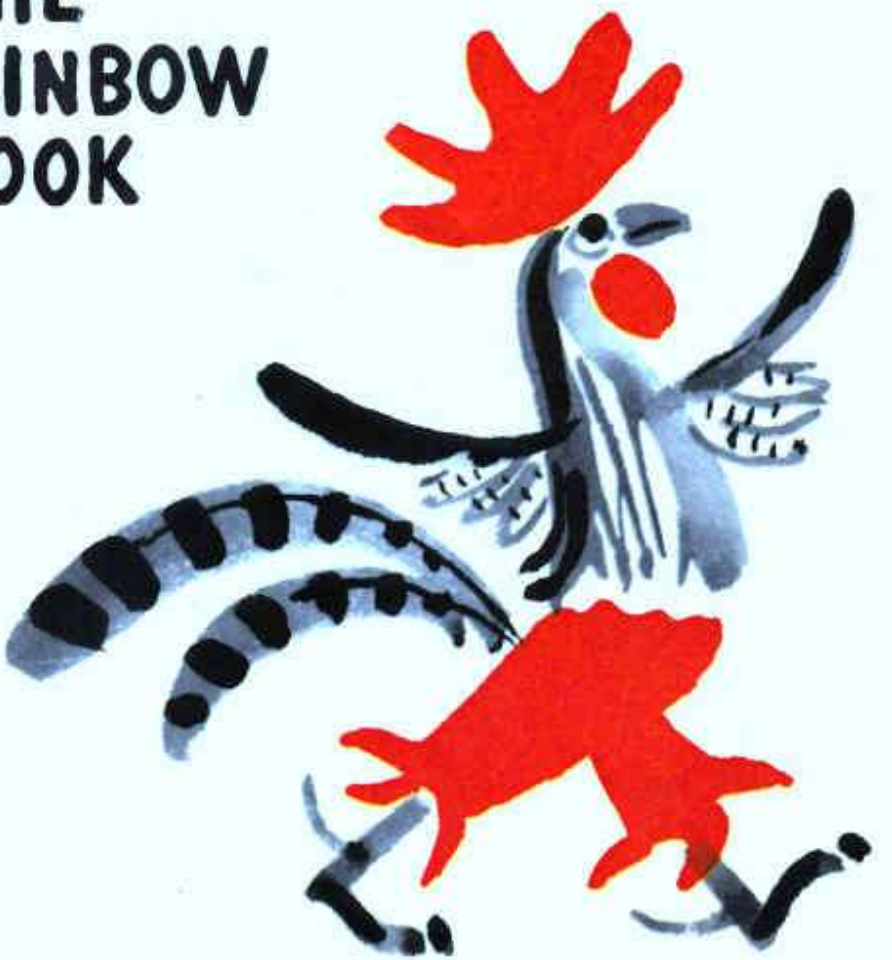
Samuil Marshak

THE RAINBOW BOOK



Look how they laugh, these children, listening to Marshak's tales about the bad-mannered bearcub and the piglets who wanted to look grown-up. Who wouldn't love to romp in a garden with the bumpety ball or visit Marshak's circus with its

A troupe of juggling bearcubs,
Squirrel acrobats,
Jumbo, tightrope-walker,
Chorus-singing cats. . . .

All these and many other stories in verse are included in *The Rainbow Book* by Samuil Marshak (1887–1964), a well-known Soviet poet, one of the founders of Soviet literature for children. In this book, Marshak collected his favourite verses written at different periods of his life. The drawings are by the talented artist Mai Miturich. As Marshak himself once said, "there could hardly be anything more attractive than these pictures". *The Rainbow Book* received a first-degree diploma at the All-Russia book contest, as well as several prizes at exhibitions abroad.

SAMUIL MARSHAK

THE RAINBOW BOOK

VERSES FOR CHILDREN

© PROGRESS PUBLISHERS MOSCOW

Drawings by Mai Miturich

For this book M. Miturich received a silver medal
at the International Book Illustrators Exhibition
held in Leipzig, 1965.
Translated from the Russian by
Dorian Rottenberg.

С. МАРШАК.
Стихи для детей
На английском языке

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THE LOST RING

(a play-rhyme)

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Little Olya has lost her ring!
From her finger it slipped,
Down the porch-steps it tripped,
And it rolled and it rolled
And it ran away
Till it hid in a bush
And there it lay.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Who can find little Olya's ring?

"I," said the Cat,
"I can do that.
But I can't go far from the house,
Because I've spotted a mouse!"

Off the porch it rolled,
Little Olya's ring,
Down the steps it rolled,
With a *ping-ping-ping.*
It turned to the left,
Then it turned to the right
Till it hopped and it stopped
And it hid out of sight.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Who can find little Olya's ring?

"Honk-honk," said the Goose, "poor thing,
I'm sure I could find your ring,
Wait till I swim a bit,
Then I can look for it."

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Who can find little Olya's ring?

"Baa-baa," said the fleecy Lamb,
"You know how clever I am.
I'd have found your ring long ago
If I knew where it happened to go."

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Who can find little Olya's ring?

"I," said the Hen,
"But I don't know when.
I'll just scratch around
And your ring will be found
But I can't see my chicks;
They're again up to tricks
When it's time they were fed
And packed off to bed!"

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Who can find little Olya's ring?

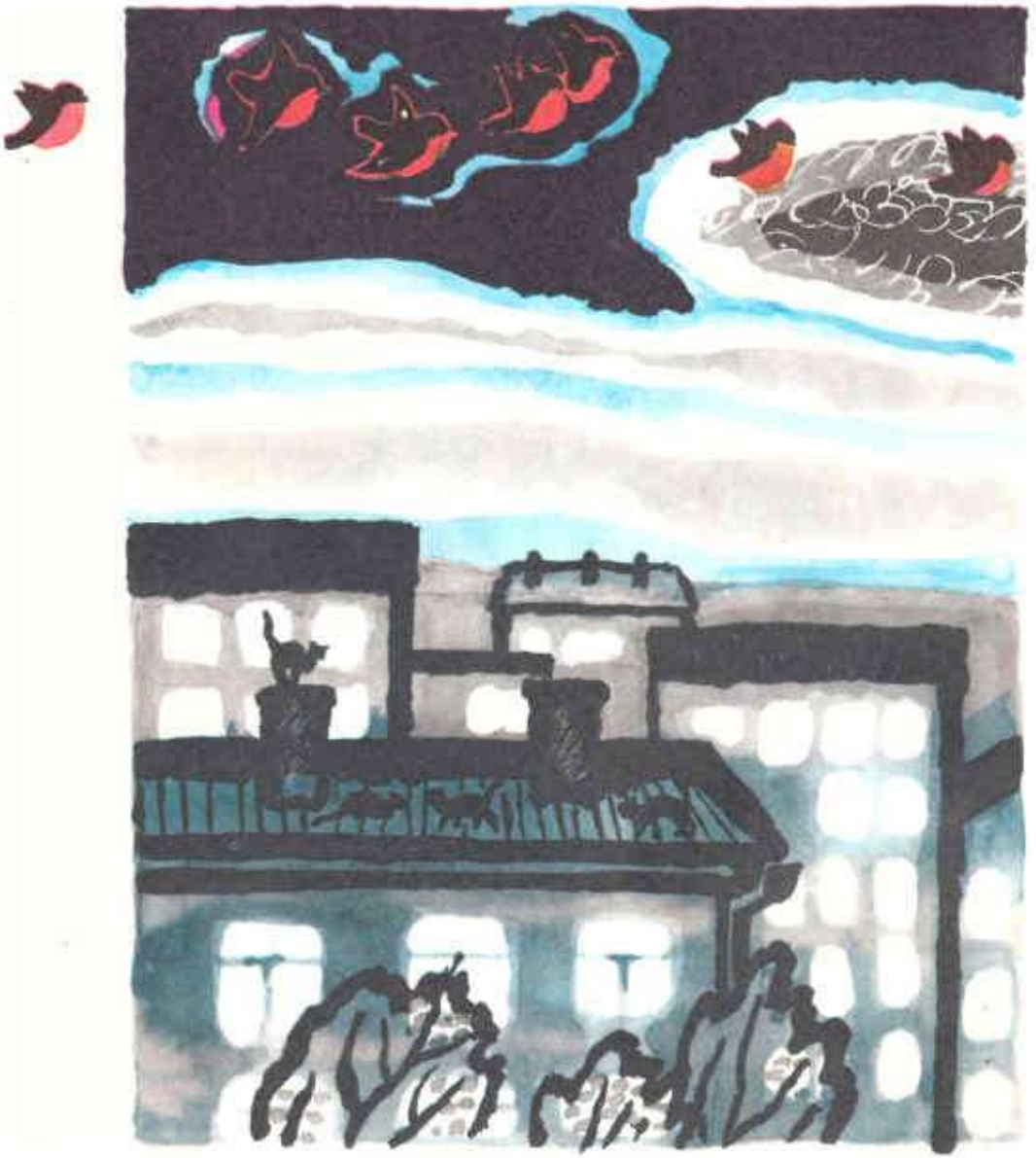
"I," said the Turkey, "I think I might.
But the older I get, the worse is my sight.
Glasses could help me," he said with regret,
"But they don't make glasses for turkeys yet.
If you showed me the spot,
Believe it or not,
In a minute I'd bring
Little Olya her ring."

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
Who can find little Olya's ring?

"I," said the Magpie,
"My sharp little eye
Any lost brooch,
Spoon or ear-ring can spy.
But, I want you to mind,
I take home all I find!"

Thanks, Magpie, you kind old soul,
We won't need your help, after all.
Although she's a tiny thing,
Little Olya herself found the ring.
Down the porch-steps she went,
To the pathway she bent,
She looked to the left,
And she looked to the right,
And all of a sudden it came into sight.

Then back to the porch Olya came
And happily put it on.
There on her finger again
The ring like a dew-drop shone.



HUSHABYE-HUSH

Soft, on stealthy feet comes Sleep:
Through a cranny it will creep

Bringing dreams that promise joy
To every little girl and boy.

It shows us fairy picture-tales
Which only those can see
Who go to bed and close their eyes
Tight as tight can be.

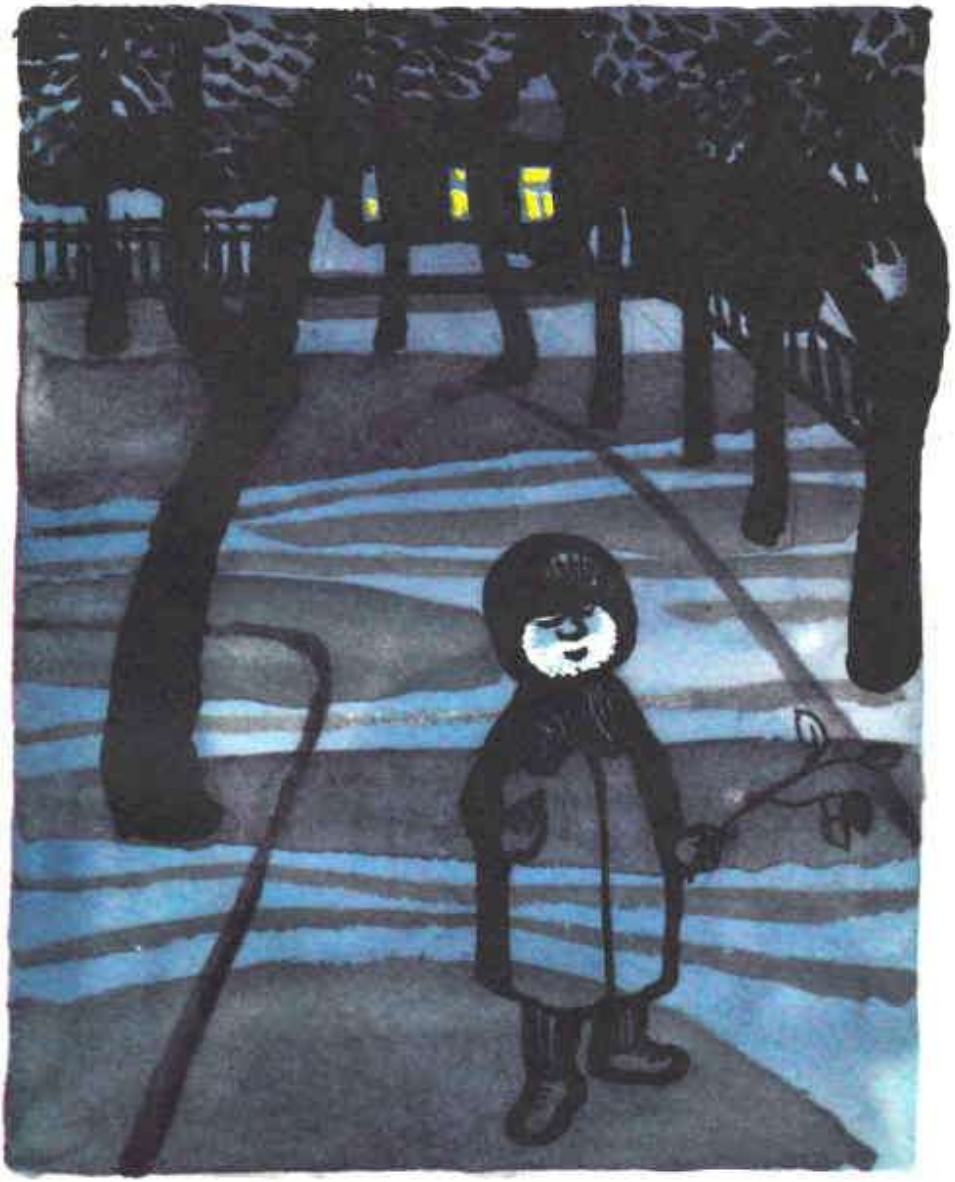
But little folk who will not climb
Into bed at the proper time
Get acquainted by-and-by
With Sleep's big brother Hushabye.

"Ssssh," says Hush to girls and boys,
"Go to sleep, don't make a noise."

All the streets are dark and silent
While in bed the children lie.
Off to sleep go trams and trolleys,
Driven home by Hushabye.

"Time to sleep," he tells them sternly,
"Don't forget, you get up early."

And the trams and trolleys, yawning,
Trundle home and sleep till morning



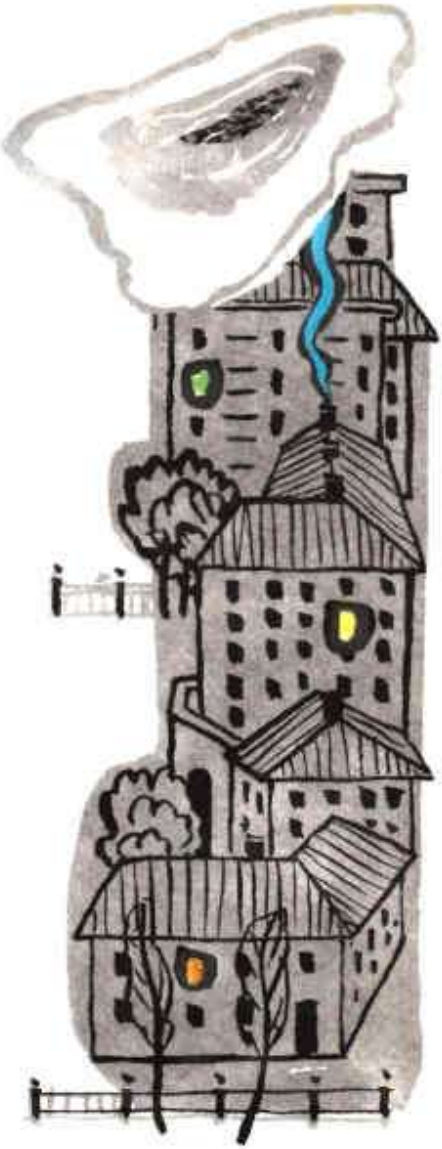
Wherever there's a hue and cry
Promptly hurries Hushabye.
Any trouble in the night
Hushabye will soon put right.

Telling people to lie down
In the country and in town,
Out on ocean-going ships
And in trains on distant trips.

In a darkened railway car
You may find him, near or far,
"Sssh," says Hush and wags his head
At children who won't go to bed.

On goes Hush from house to house,
Stepping softer than a mouse.
Sometimes, too, he takes a flight
In an airplane late at night.

Through the sky the airplanes zoom,
Speeding forward in the gloom.
To the engine's even drone
People sleep as if at home.



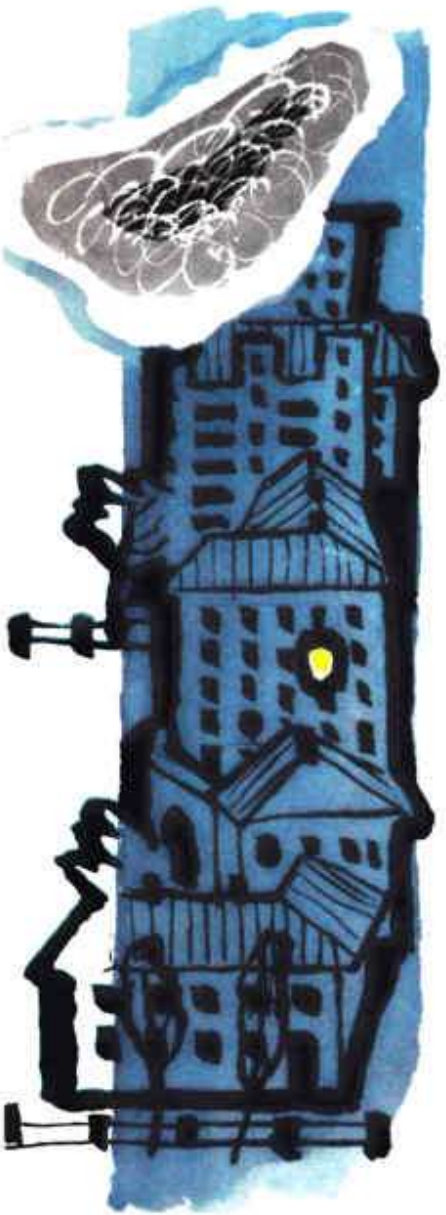
Late one night Hush sat alone,
When they called him to the phone.

"Hush, please come," the caller said,
"Help us put a boy to bed.
His name is Melnikov, Anton.
Our patience with him's almost gone!

"He doesn't want so sleep at night,
He won't let Dad switch off the light.
He laughs and chatters without cease,
We never have an hour of peace.

"People tell him: stop your noise,
Go to bed like other boys.
If you act the way you do,
Hushabye will deal with you!

"But all he ever does is boast:
Who's afraid of a silly ghost?
Fear a fairy-tale? Not I!
Touch me? Let him only try!"



Everybody goes to bed:
Timmy, Tommy, Ed and Ned,
Tom-tit, swallow, goose and swan,
Everyone except Anton.

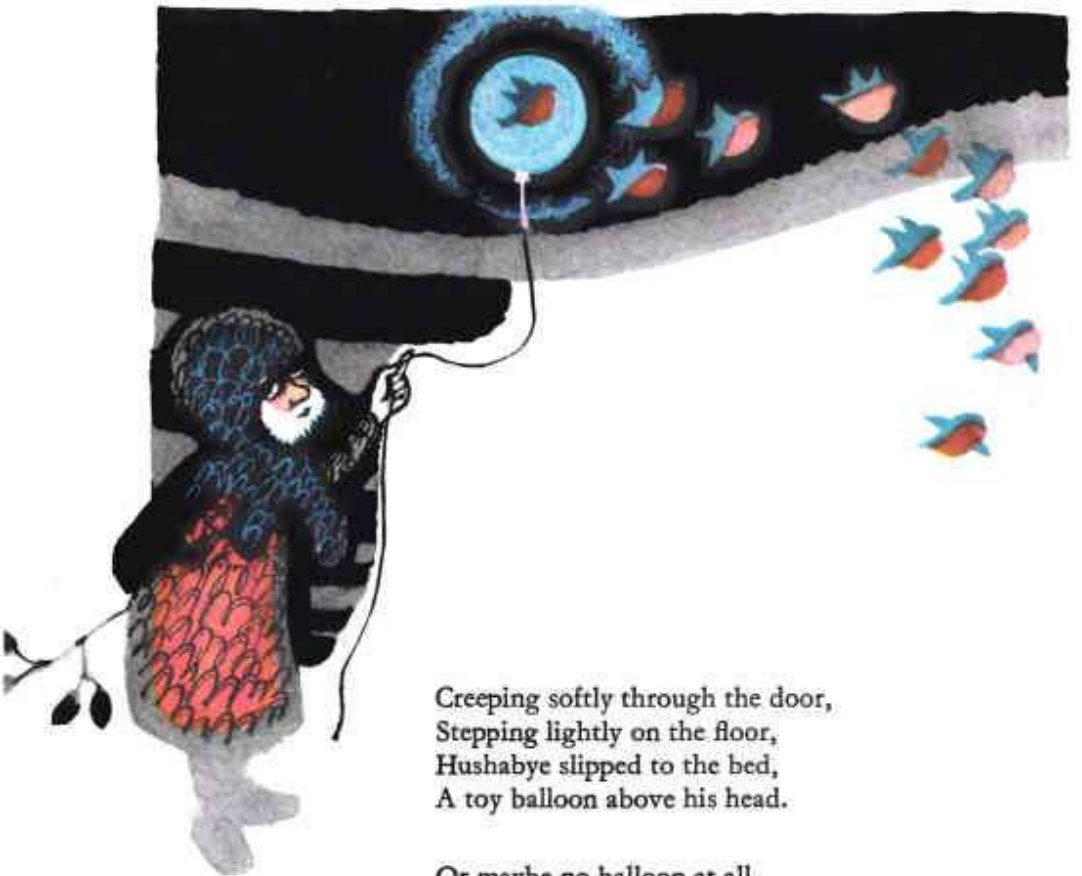
All night long his light will burn,
All night long he'll twist and turn,
Listening how in the dark
Cats miaow and watch-dogs bark.

Once, to while away the time,
He sang, then took a book of rhyme
But not a letter could be seen:
The lamp was shaded by a screen.

The book closed up, he let it drop,
And so his reading had to stop.

Even now he wouldn't doze,
But began to count his toes;
Once and twice and thrice, but then
Felt too tired to count again.

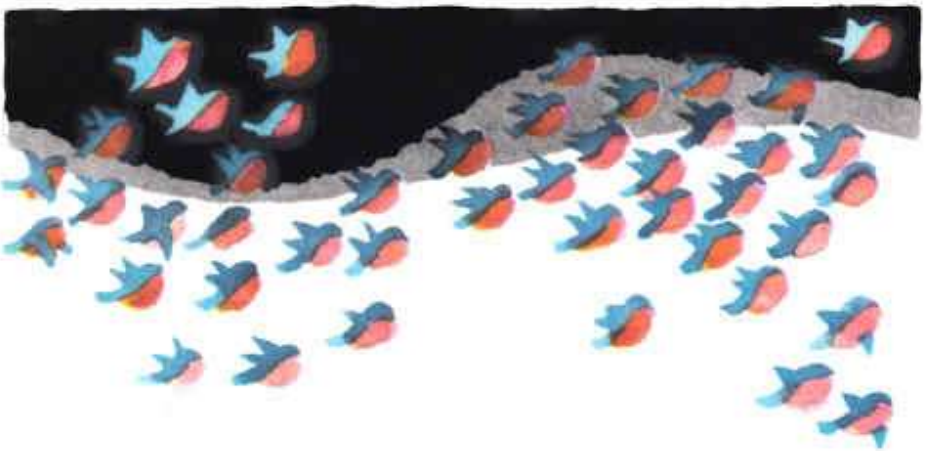
Here the door-bell rang outside
And Anton's eyes opened wide.



Creeping softly through the door,
Stepping lightly on the floor,
Hushabye slipped to the bed,
A toy balloon above his head.

Or maybe no balloon at all,
But a lantern like a ball
Shining with a bluish light,
Flying like a magic kite.

"Pitter-pat,
Pitter-pat,
Who's not sleeping in this flat?
North and South, East and West,
Everybody has to rest!"



Now the lantern shone no more,
But from its teeny-weeny door
Thrushes fluttered in a crowd,
Chirping very, very loud.

Swish! Above his drowsy head
Whirring wings like lightning sped.
"Let me have one, Hush," he asked
As the birds went flying past.

"No, my boy, these birds you see
Come in dreams to you and me.
You're already sleeping, child.
Happy dreams to you!" he smiled.

When the moon is in the sky,
To the woods goes Hushabye.
Into every nook he'll peep
To see if all the woodfolk sleep.

In the drowsy groves and copses
Any little sleepyhead
Still awake in nest and burrow
Hushabye will put to bed.

He wags his head at fledgeling jays
And warns the fledgeling linnet:
"Don't you leave your nest at night,
Not even for a minute.

"Baby blackbirds going off
Alone on moonlit nights
Can easily be caught by owls
Out on hunting flights."

At night old Hush keeps careful watch
With younger brother Sleep.
Yet even when the day begins
His vigil he must keep.

What's going on at school today?
Perhaps the teachers are away?

There's such a din in the first form,
You'd think there was a thunderstorm.

"Sit still," the monitor cries out,
But no one listens to his shout.

"Silence!" all together cry
Yura, Shura, Nikolai.

"Stop the din!" Then cry in chorus
Olya, Valya, Galya, Boris.

"Do be quiet!" in a bass
Yells the best-behaved Taras.

Very soon the singing-teacher
Could no longer stand the din.
Up she got to leave the classroom,
When our faithful Hush came in.

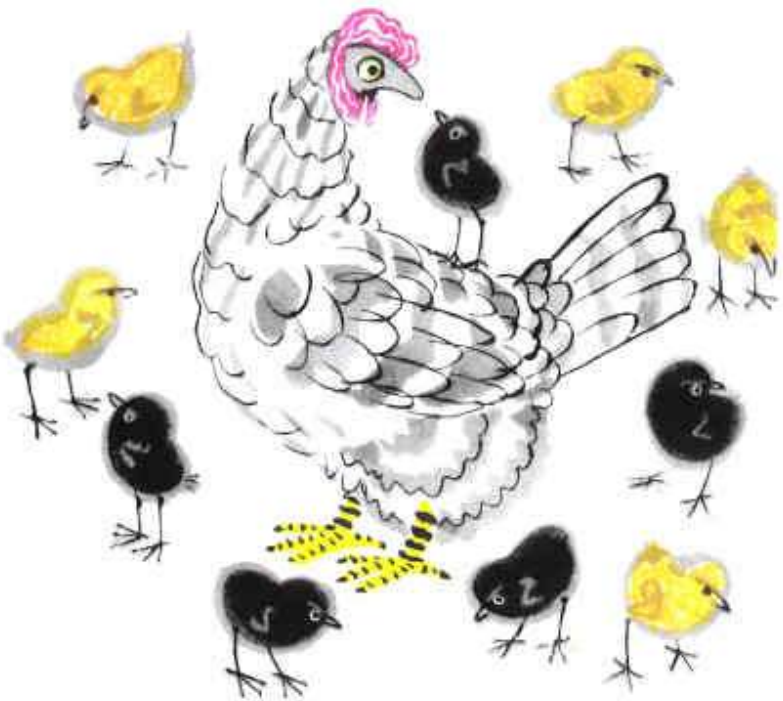
He looked at everybody sternly
And for all to hear he said:
"Don't tell others to be silent.
Keep your own mouth shut instead."

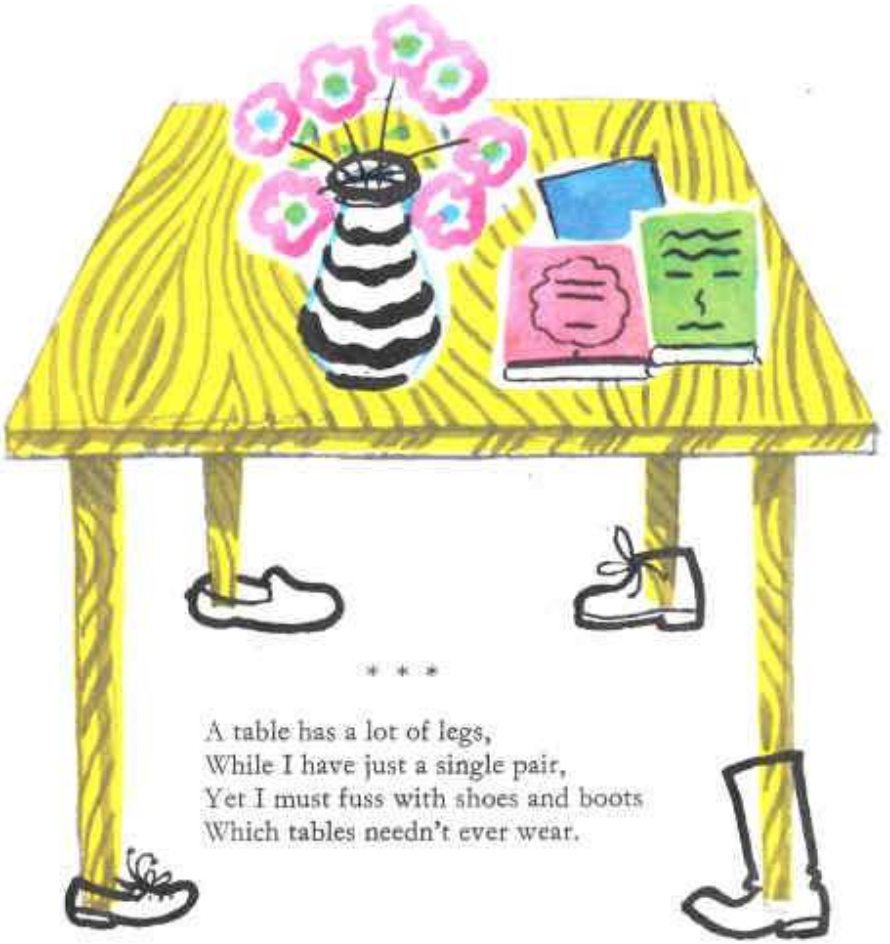
THE THRUSHES

Do you see those two young thrushes
In their nest among the bushes?
One of them pokes out its nose;
A tail is all the other shows.

COUNTING-RHYMES

A hen began to count her chicks:
One, two, three,
Four, five, six,
Seven, eight,
Nine and ten—
A lot of worry for one hen!





* * *

A table has a lot of legs,
While I have just a single pair,
Yet I must fuss with shoes and boots
Which tables needn't ever wear.

* * *

Mousie Squeaks told Mousie Snooks:
"You know, I'm very fond of books.
Of course, I cannot read a line,
But eating books is jolly fine!"

GOOD MANNERS

A Teddy-Bear whose ways were bad
Was taught good manners by his Dad.

"When taken out for tea, my lad,
You mustn't squeal and roar like mad.
It's bad to boast and to be rude
And make a noise while chewing food.

"Take off your cap to folks you know
And don't forget to say hullo.
Try not to walk upon all fours,
Especially when out of doors.

"It's very impolite to yawn,
But if you must, take care
To put your paw upon your mouth
Like any decent bear.

"Don't argue, squabble, scratch or fight.
Obey your elders, be polite,
Show seniors respect.

"For instance, Granny has poor sight,
So always see her home at night.
You'll do so, I expect?"

So Teddy-Bear whose ways were bad
Was taught good manners by his Dad.
But though he did improve in part,
The bear remained a bear at heart.

He bowed to animals he knew,
Brown bears and even foxes, too.
He'd rise and offer them his seat
And on the whole, appeared quite sweet.
And yet with folks he didn't know
He wasn't half so good–Oh no!

He growled and snarled and used bad words,
Disturbed the bees and scared the birds.

And when he went by underground
He snapped his teeth and answered back
And pushed the passengers around
Until they thought their ribs would crack.

It takes a lot of time and care
To civilise a rude young bear.
And yet--our story makes it plain--
Your time may still be spent in vain.

THE MERRY STARLINGS*

Forty four starlings,
Forty four darlings
Merry and happy,
Together kept house.

One swept the chimney,
One cleaned the windows,
One washed the dishes,
One scrubbed the floor,
One cooked the dinner,
One did the shopping,
One ran on errands
And one shut the door.

---

* Written together with David Harms

They went to fetch fuel
And then cooked some gruel,
Forty four starlings,
Merry and gay.

One took a ladle,
One laid the table,
One took the saucepan
And one hopped about;
One called the others,
One got the dishes,
One poured the gruel,
One handed it out.

When breakfast was over,
They all started playing,
Forty four starlings,
Tootle-tee-toot!
One on a trumpet,
One on a 'cello,
One on a fiddle,
One on a flute.

They went on a visit
To old Auntie Linnet,
Forty four starlings,
Merry and gay.

One on a tramcar,
One on a taxi,
One on a horsecart,
One on a sleigh,
One on a buggy,
One on a trolley,
One on a scooter,
They set on their way.

Day drew to its close,
And they lay down to doze,
Forty four starlings,
Sleepy and tired:

One on an armchair,
One on the table,
One on the sofa,
One at the door,
One on a matchbox,
One on a thread-pool,
One on the hearthrug
And one on the floor.

Snuggly tucked in,
They started to sing,
Forty four starlings,
Merry and gay:

One twitter-twitter,
One tritty-litty,
One tilly-willy,
One tee-tee-tay.
One ticky-ricky,
One ricky-ticky,
One tooty-looty,
And one too-loo-lay.

THE HEDGEHOG

A hedgehog lives beneath our couch
And roams about the room.
When all its legs are tucked away
It's like a brush or broom.

You know the spines a hedgehog wears?
They're not exactly toys.
Their purpose is to keep away
Bad wolves and naughty boys.

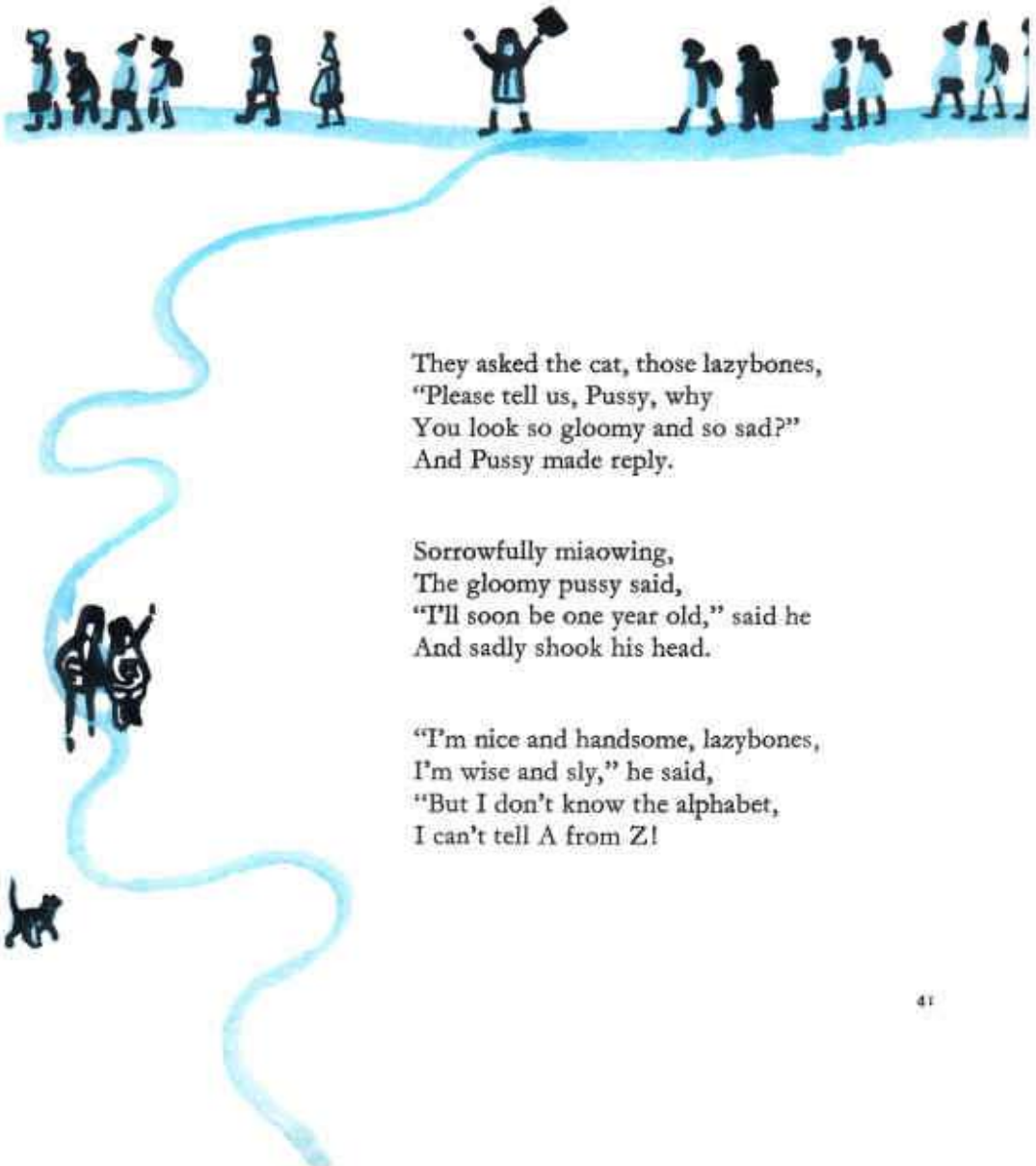
And if it finds some sweets or fruit
Dropped from our Christmas tree,
It sticks them on those spines and scoots,
As pleased as pleased can be.

THE TWO LAZYBONES AND THE CAT

Two lazybones set off for school,
And what, friends, do you think?
Instead of school those lazybones
Came to a skating-rink.

They had their bags with pens and books,
Never read, perhaps,
And brought along their shiny skates
With brand-new leather straps.

Suddenly the lazybones
Saw a pussy-cat,
The sorriest and gloomiest
That ever chased a rat.



They asked the cat, those lazybones,
"Please tell us, Pussy, why
You look so gloomy and so sad?"
And Pussy made reply.

Sorrowfully miaowing,
The gloomy pussy said,
"I'll soon be one year old," said he
And sadly shook his head.

"I'm nice and handsome, lazybones,
I'm wise and sly," he said,
"But I don't know the alphabet,
I can't tell A from Z!

"There are no schools for pussy-cats
To learn the ABC.
How shall I learn to read and write,
Dearie, dearie me!

"Those who don't know grammar
Are helpless nowadays.
Those who don't know grammar
Suffer all their days.

"You cannot earn a living
Without the ABC,
You won't have bread and butter
Nor milk and jam for tea."

Then said the worthless lazybones,
"Darling Pussy-Cat,
We'll soon be twelve years old ourselves,
But really, what of that?

"You can't imagine, Pussy,
How hard our teacher tries
To teach us Russian grammar,
Yet we are just as wise.

"To go to school day after day
Is really too much fuss.
So mostly on the skating-rink
Is where you will find *us*.

"We never write with crayons
Upon our classroom slates,
But draw long lines upon the ice
With our shiny skates."

Then this is what the pussy-cat
Told them in reply:
"I'm almost one year old, you know,
Me-o-me-o-my!

"I've known a lot of girls and boys
Very much like you,
But such a pair of lazybones
I never, never knew!"

THE PIGLETS

A sow went for a walk one day
With all her family.
The happy mother said *Oink-Oink*!
The piglets squealed *Ee-Ee*!

Then one of them, who squealed the most,
Said, "Brothers, can't you see:
All grown-up porkers say *Oink-Oink*!
How can we squeal *Ee-Ee*!

"Who said we're worse than grown-up pigs?
Now listen, friends, to me!"
Poor thing, he thought he'd say *Oink-Oink*,
But really squealed *Ee-Ee*. . . .

Since then the piglets ceased to root
And frisk about the lea
And all because they couldn't *Oink*,
But only squealed *Ee-Ee*.

My boy, this story has a point
As clear as clear can be.
If you're too young to say *Oink-Oink*,
Then boldly squeal *Ee-Ee*!

ABOUT ONE SCHOOLBOY AND SIX POOR MARKS

A schoolboy came from school one day
And hid his record-book away.

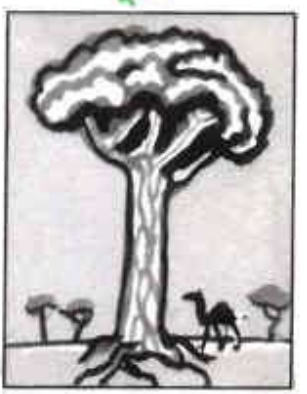
"Where is your record-book?" asked Mum,
So out again it had to come.

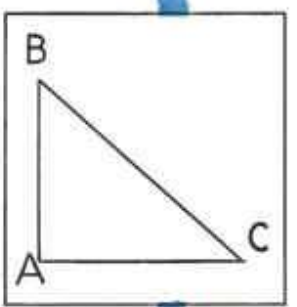
A *Very Poor* caught Mother's eye;
She shook her head and heaved a sigh.

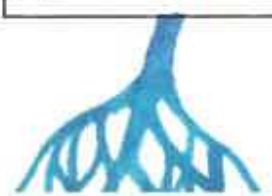
On hearing of his son's disgrace
His Dad went scarlet in the face.

"What was it for, upon my word?"
"I called a baobab a bird.

"I'm weak in natural history,
To me it's quite a mystery."







"For that," was Mother's stern remark,
"It surely was too high a mark."

"There's nothing lower to be had,"
Quite innocently said the lad.

"Now what is this–I see another,"
His elder sister told her brother.

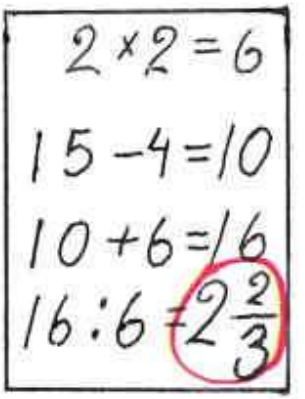
"Oh dear," he groaned, "You in it too?
I got it for the kangaroo.

"I thought that kangaroos were found
Like turnips, growing in the ground."

"What did you get this third one for?"
His angry father asked once more.

"I said that a hypothenuse
Was a river boats and ships could use."

"And what's the fourth for, please explain?"
His father asked the boy again.



"We thought, my chum Pakhom and I,
A zebra was a sort of fly."

"And what's the fifth for?" Mother shook
His rather crumpled copy-book.

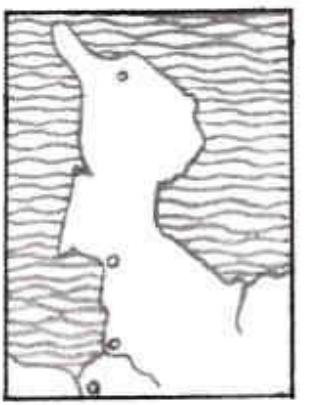
"We had an exercise to do.
It took an hour till I was through.

"I wrote the answer out in words:
It was, *Two workmen and two thirds.*

"Now, what about the sixth?" said Dad.
"Your marks—they're fit to drive one mad."

"The teacher asked the class, 'Who knows
Where and what is Kanin's nose?'"

"I didn't know which nose was Kanin's
And pointed to my own and Vanya's."



"Well, you're a wonder, I must say.
Here, take that record-book away.

"What have you got inside your head?
Now quick, be off with you to bed!"

And so he shuffled off to bed,
Their good-for-nothing son,
And soon dozed off and had a dream
Where in the midday sun

Five zebras buzzed above the green
By the broad Hypothenuse
And all around the meadows teemed
With swaying kangaroos.

And in the damp of jungle groves
Among the mires and bogs
With folded wings on Vanya's nose
A baobab caught frogs.

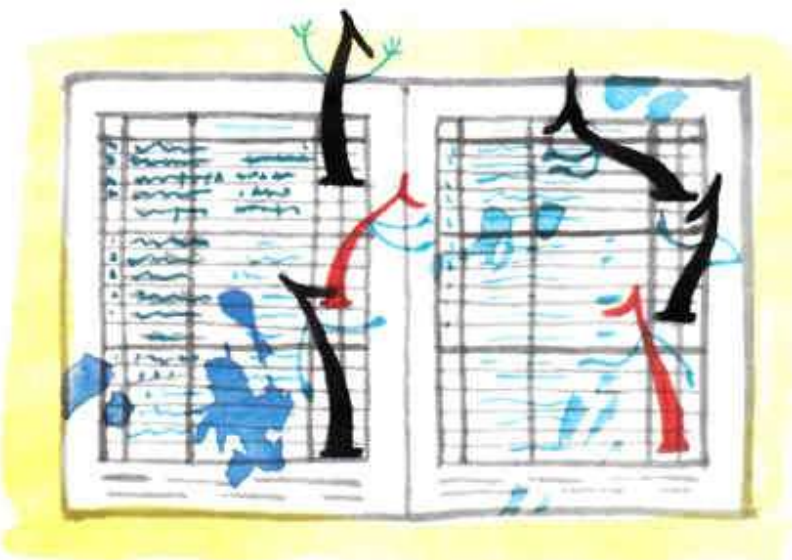
And somewhere on the jungle paths
Among the tall and tangled grass
A luckless labourer lay dead
Displaying neither legs nor head.

And so disastrous was the sight
That all to tears it stirred.
"Who cut a third from the working-man?"
A fearful voice was heard.

"The culprit will not get away,
He'll answer for this slaughter,"
The hippopotamus exclaimed,
Emerging from the water.

"Just wait and see, I'll make him pay,"
Declared the kangaroo.
"Oh no, he won't get off unscathed,"
The baobab said too.

The boy jumped out of bed at dawn
In horror and dismay:
The record-book lay on the chair
The same as yesterday.



ZERO AND ONE

(from the *Merry Counting Book*)

Now this is Nought, called Zero, too,
Of which I have a tale for you.

One morning fat and merry Nought
Said to his neighbour One:
"Please let me stand beside you, friend,
I'm sure it would be fun."

One measured Zero with an eye
Full of disdain and pride.
"You good-for-nothing Zero—why
Should *you* stand by my side?"

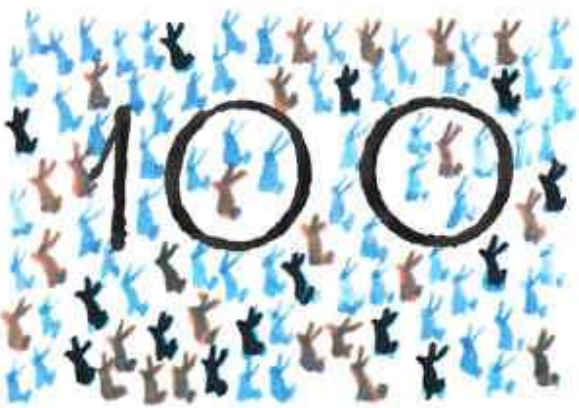
Then Nought replied, "I do agree
I'm not worth much, but when
You are accompanied by me
The two of us make 10.

"You look so lonely standing there,
So helpless," Zero sighed,
"When you could be worth ten times more
If I stood by your side.

"It isn't right to think that zeroes
Are just the opposite of heroes.

"The feats that we perform are plenty:
We'll change a 2 into a 20,
We'll make you 30 out of 3;
It's all as simple as can be.

"Though some folks don't think much
of noughts,
The more of us you write
Beside a 1 or 2 or 3,
The more they gain in might."



MY BALL

Thumpety,
Jumpety,
Bumpety
Ball,
Rollicky,
Frolicky,
Where do you roll?

Jolly
And round,
Yellow
And blue,
No one can run
Faster than you.

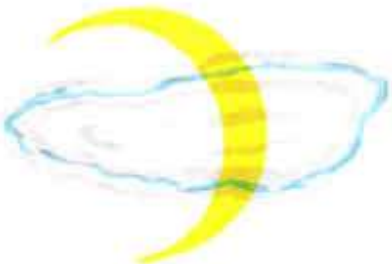
Slappety-
Slap
Against
The wall,
You bounced so nicely,
My pretty ball.

Up
In the air,
Down
On the floor,
Twenty
Or seventy
Times or more.

But then you went rolling
Into the lane;
You scampered away
And won't come again.

Out
In the garden,
Under the gate;
I called you back,
But it was too late.

A lorry ran over you,
Jumpety ball;
Bang!
You popped,
And that
Was all!



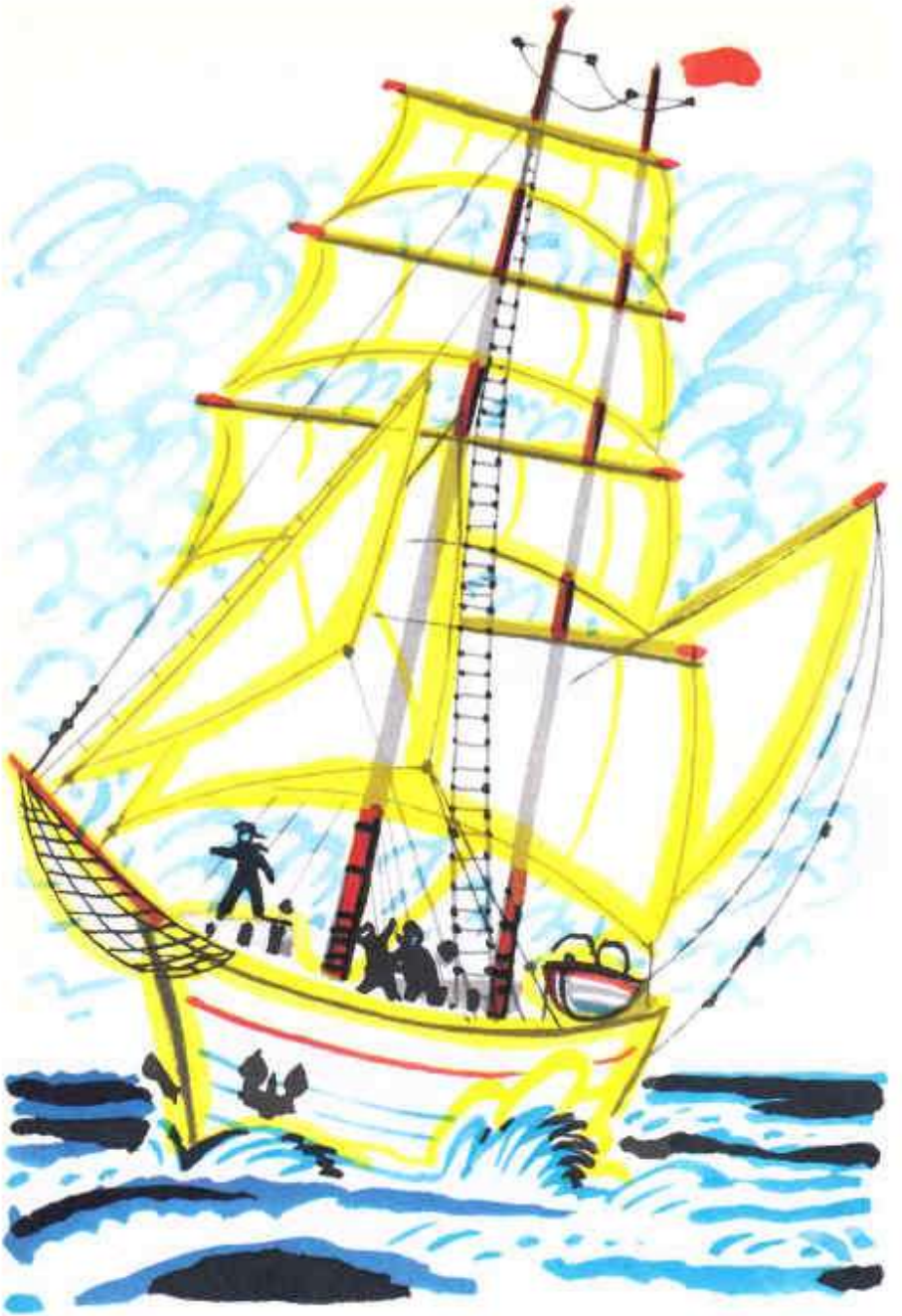
MY HORSE AND I

I'm a bold and gallant rider
With a bold and gallant steed.
On with saddle,
On with bridle,
One-two-three, and off we speed.

I never eat
Till my horse is fed.
It goes to sleep
Then I go to bed.

By day I lead my horse about,
By night I mount and gallop out.

We race along in clouds of dust—
My horse is worth its hay,
And all the lorries, trams and cars
Stop still and give us way.



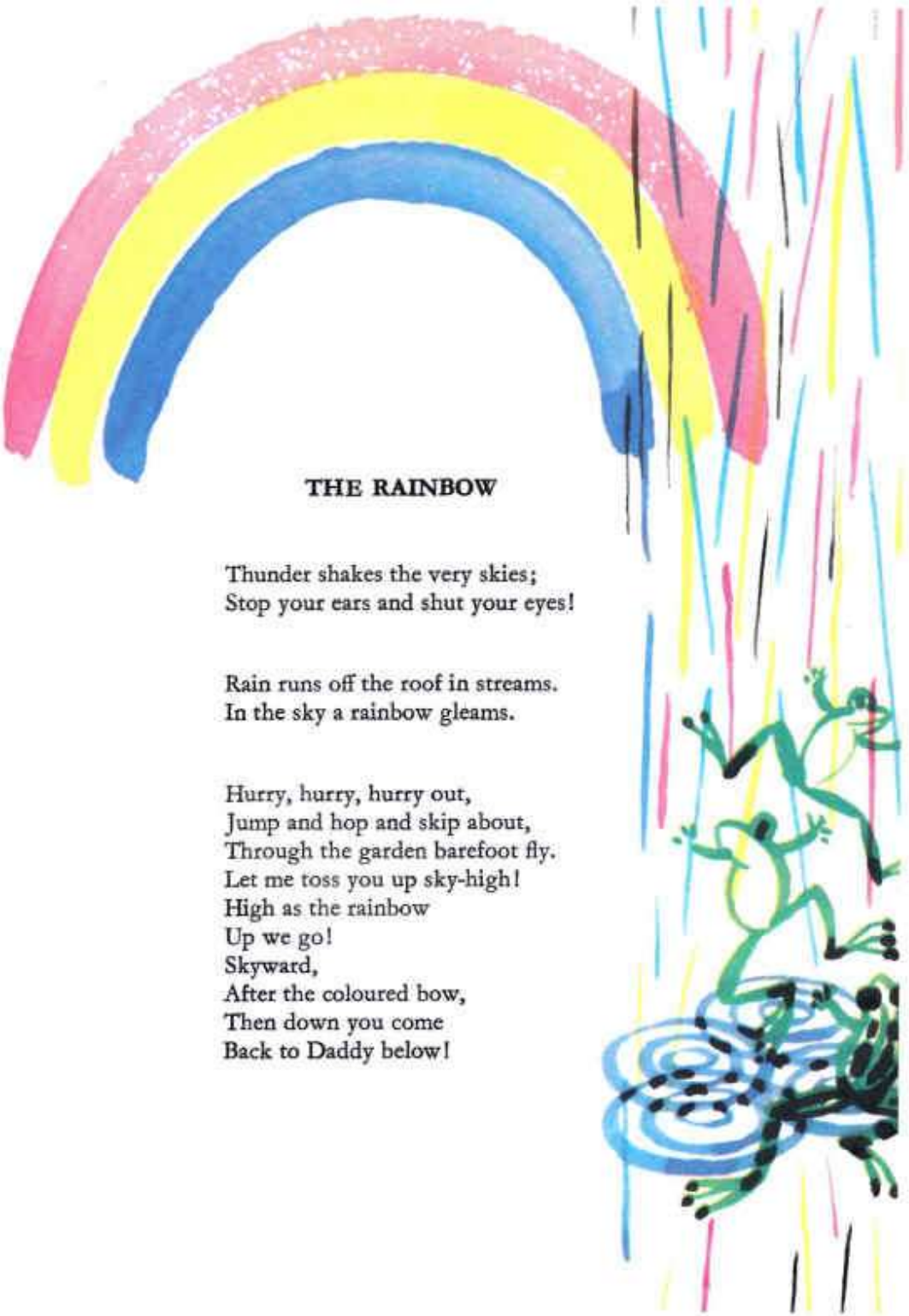
FOREST DAY

What do we plant
When we plant a new wood?
Boats
In which waves
Can be safely withstood.
Masts with strong rigging
To hold up the sails,
Sturdy and steady,
To weather all gales.

What do we plant
When we plant
New trees?
Broad wings to glide on
With grace and ease.
Pencils and rulers,
Notebooks and pads
To be taken to school
By girls and lads.

What do we plant
When we plant
A new grove?
Thickets
Where foxes
And badgers
Can rove;
Thickets
Where squirrels
Can play hide-and-seek,
Where the woodpecker taps
At the trees with his beak.

What do we plant
When we plant a new copse?
Leaves on which dew
Will fall in bright drops.
Cool and fresh air,
Fragrance and shade
Rivers in which
We can paddle or wade.
Woods that make life
More healthy and gay,
That is what we
Are planting today.



THE RAINBOW

Thunder shakes the very skies;
Stop your ears and shut your eyes!

Rain runs off the roof in streams.
In the sky a rainbow gleams.

Hurry, hurry, hurry out,
Jump and hop and skip about,
Through the garden barefoot fly.
Let me toss you up sky-high!
High as the rainbow
Up we go!
Skyward,
After the coloured bow,
Then down you come
Back to Daddy below!

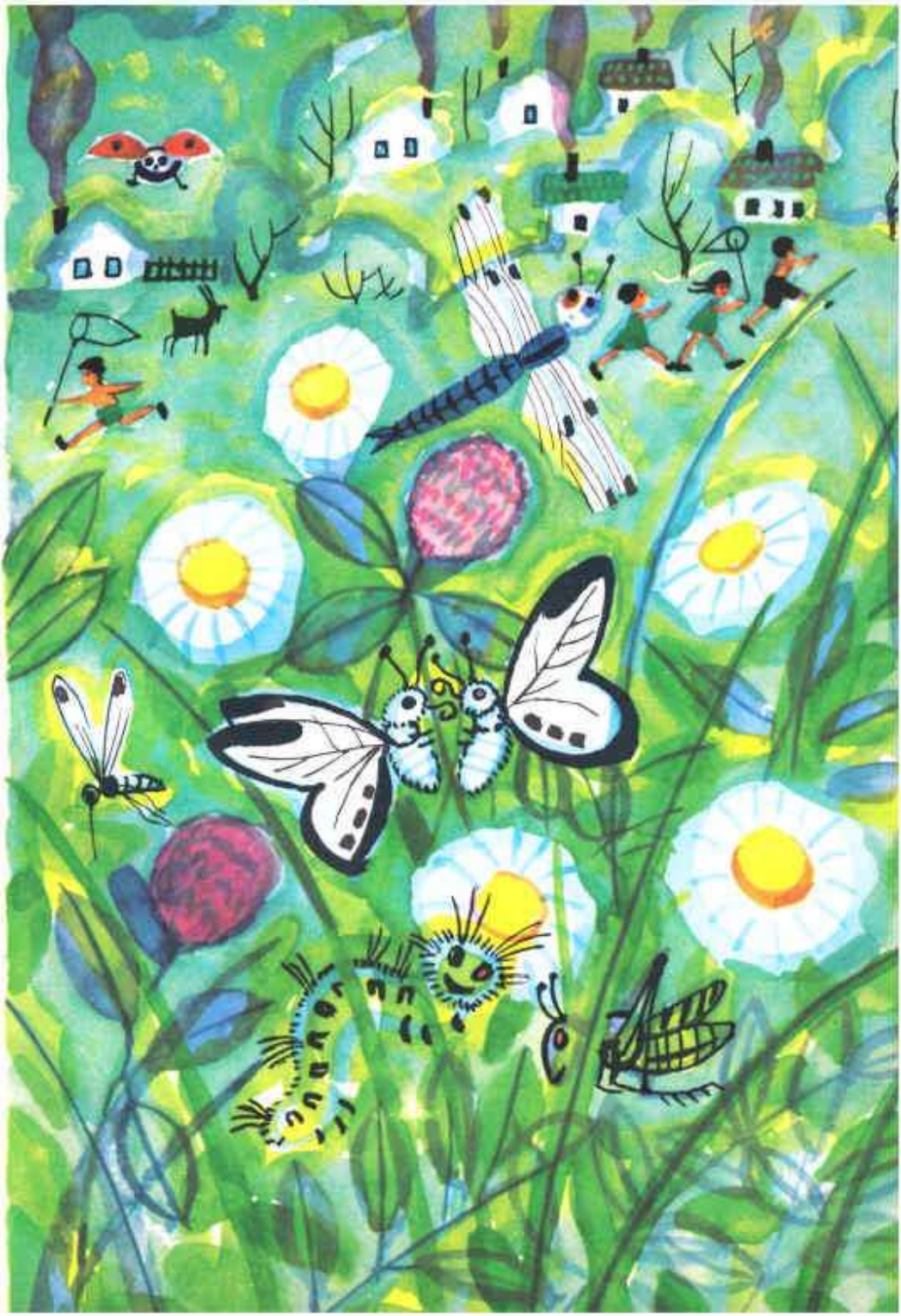
Green Page

This page is green as green can be,
Green as grass upon the lea.
I'd sit here if the grass was real
And there was room enough for me.

Bright beetles run across the lawn
And, emerald or blue,
A dragonfly wings back and forth
On a daisy decked with dew.

Look how a dark-red ladybird
Divides its back in two
And spreading out transparent wings
Flies up into the blue.

Like twins, dressed up in matching frocks,
Two butterflies alight.
At first they close like little books
Then open up for flight.

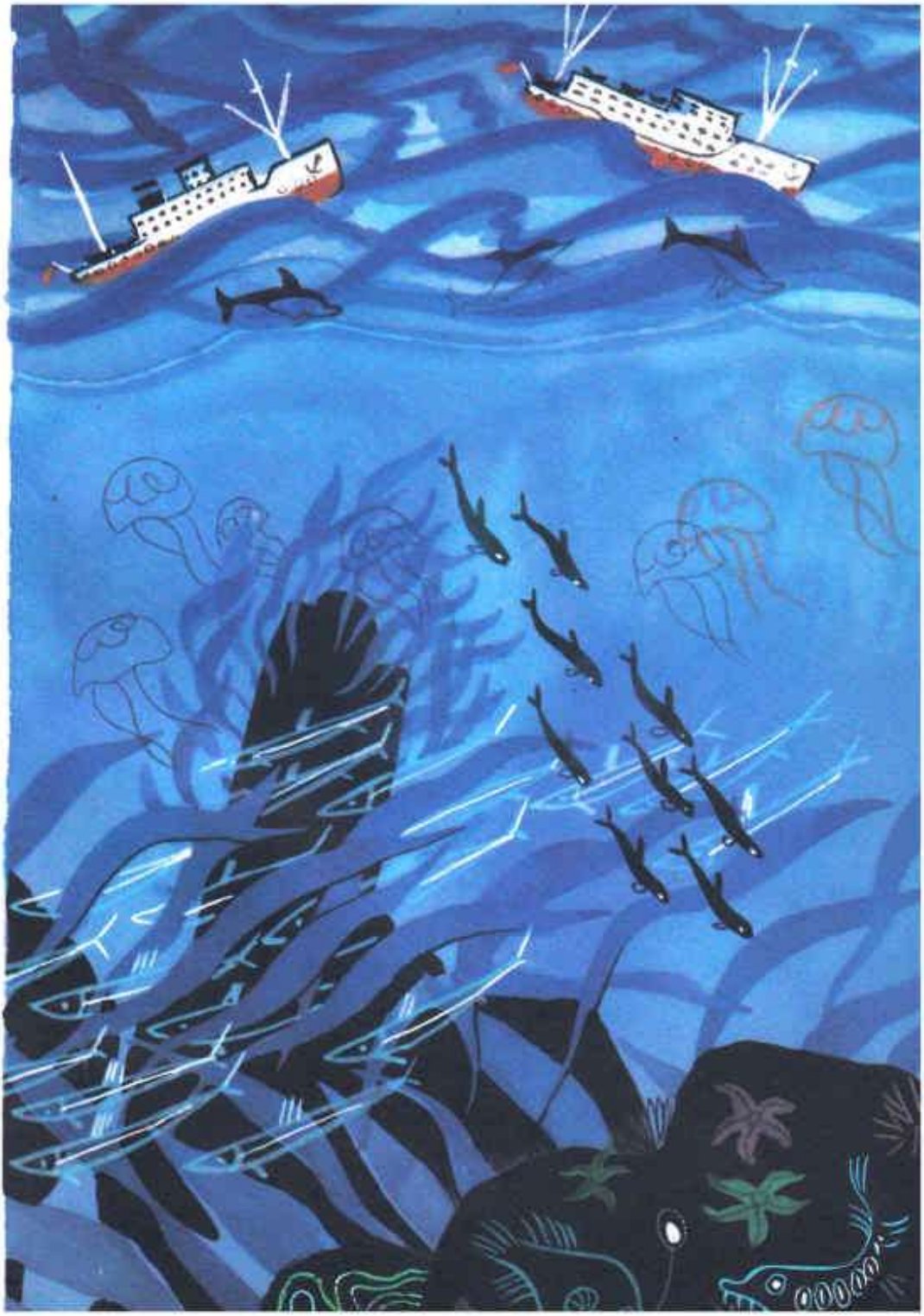


Blue Page

This page is as blue as the sea.
Not a bit of dry land can you see.
Cutting the waves with their big, sharp prows,
Steamers furrow the sea like ploughs.

Porpoises flit like shadows,
Jellyfish drift to and fro,
Seaweed sway in the water
As if it were windy below.

Down at the very bottom
The sea is as dark as pitch,
And some of the fishes have lanterns
Showing the way with their light.
So they can see which is which.



Yellow Page

Isn't it jolly
To dig in the sand?
It trickles like water
Out of your hand.

Take up a shovel,
Bring out a pail
And let's build a fortress
For soldiers to scale.

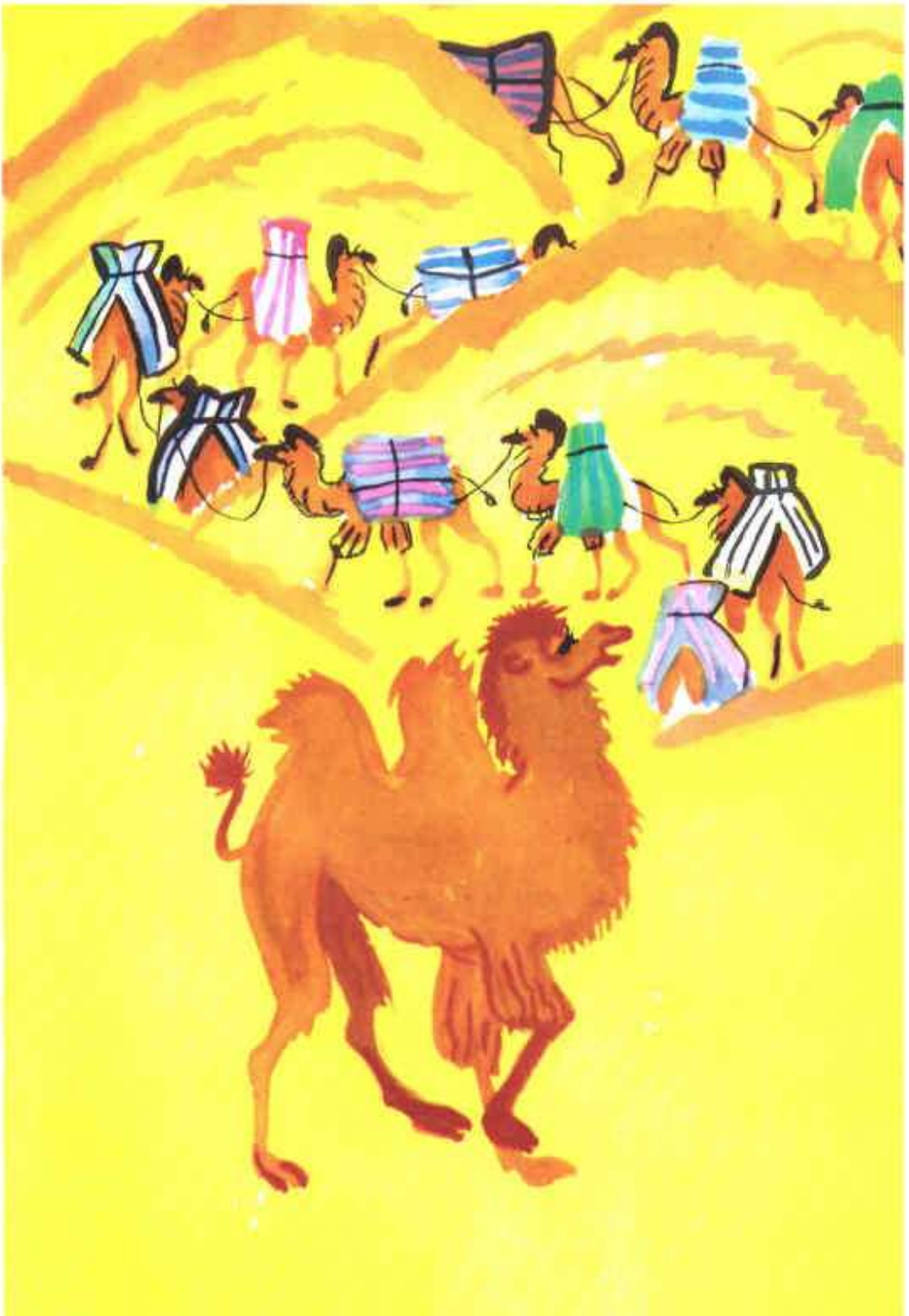
A garden looks tidy
With sand on the paths
Laid between flowerbeds
Edged with green grass.

But when there's too much of it
Lying around
Nothing can grow
On the barren ground.

This page is a desert,
Yellow and bare;
Sand whirls in eddies,
Just sand everywhere.

Camels make journeys
Weary and long.
Bells on their harness
Keep singing a song.

Trees on the sand dunes
Grow lying down,
Knotty and prickly,
No leaves on their crowns.



The sand flies in clouds.
The soil is all parched.
The sand-dunes keep moving
Like troops on the march.

But people will stop
The march of the sands,
By building canals
With their clever hands.

Wheat shall be grown
Where it never was seen,
Turning this page
From yellow to green.

White Page

This page is covered up with snow
Where cunning foxes come and go
But never leave a trace.

The birds fly down to take a walk
And like a picture drawn on chalk
Leave traces fine as lace.

The sleighs whizz by, soon gone and lost,
And then, like silver, in the frost
Shine long and even runs.

And as we walk the crisp white snow
Is marked with foot-prints you should know:
We leave them all our lives.

The strings of traces on it look
As tidy as a line
In some good pupil's copy-book
Or in this book of mine.

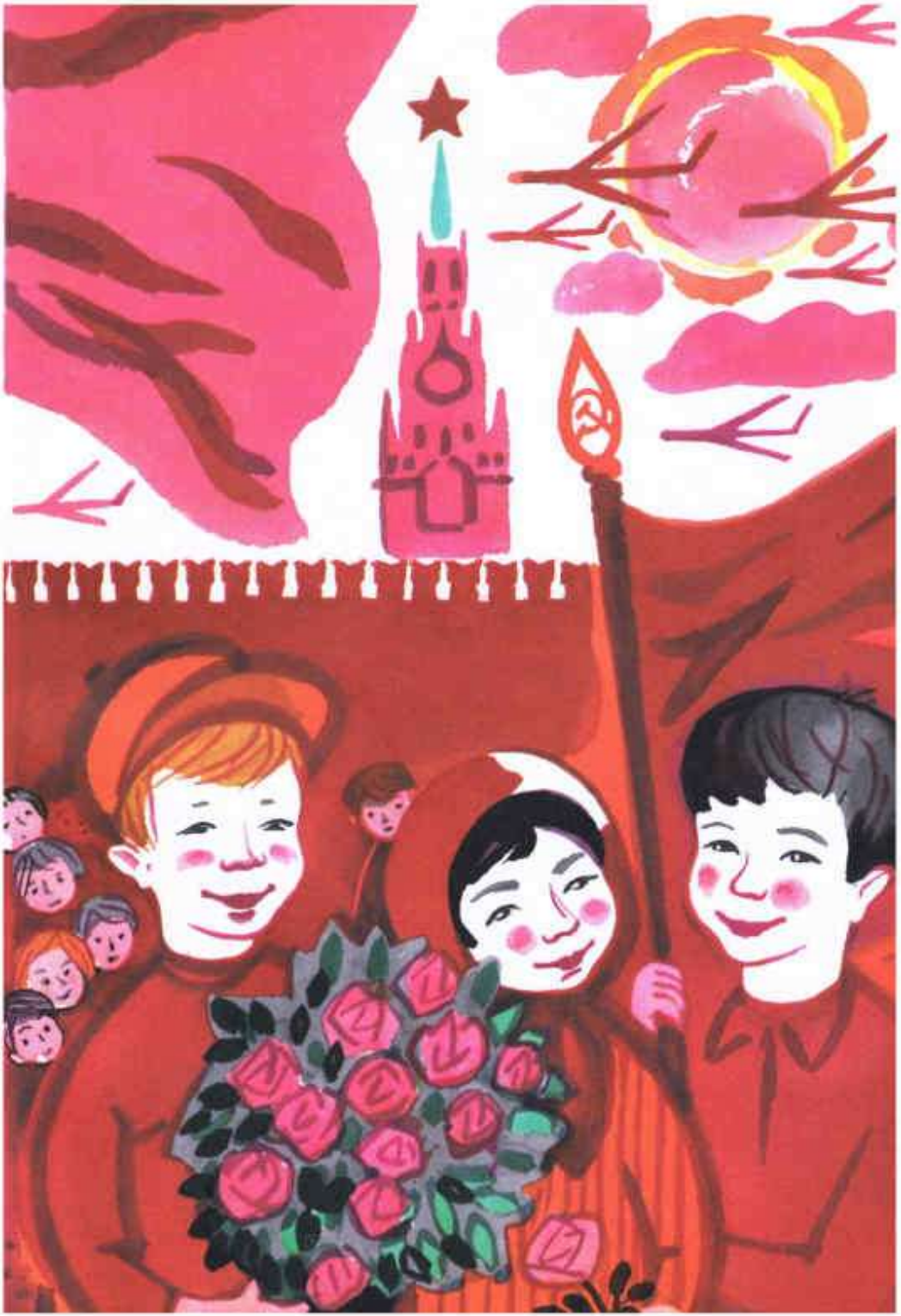
Red Page

This page of mine
Is red in hue.

Red for the sun
And your tie too.

Red banners glow
Upon Red Square,

Happy smiles
Shine everywhere.



Midnight Page

On this dark page where shadows creep
You see all Moscow fast asleep.
Off to rest the buses run
Like you and me and everyone.

The only things that stay awake
Are clocks of every size and make
And factories and railway stations
That work with diligence and patience.

Down Moscow's streets run twinkling lights.
The moonlit river drowses.
One by one the lights go out
In Moscow's countless houses.

The street-lamps keep alight all night
Like fire-flies in glass jars,
While in the sky like diamonds shine
The eyes of distant stars.

Above the ancient fortress wall
Until the morning hours
Red beacon-stars of ruby glass
Burn of the Kremlin towers.

THE TRUMPET AND THE DRUM

Once there was a kettle-drum,
Rumble-bumble, rum-tum-tum.
One day he shook his empty head
And to his friend the trumpet said:

"Dear trumpet, you're a lucky soul,
Your life is full of bliss:
Whoever wants to play on you
Must start off with a kiss.

And me, you can't imagine, dear,
The sorry plight I'm in.
My drummer beats me with his sticks,
My skin is all worn thin."

"Yes," said the trumpet to the drum,
"My life is bright, and yours is glum
Although we're carried side-by-side
When down the street the bandsmen stride.

"And yet it's you that got yourself
In such a dreadful fix:
I've never seen you set to work
Until you're thrashed with sticks!"

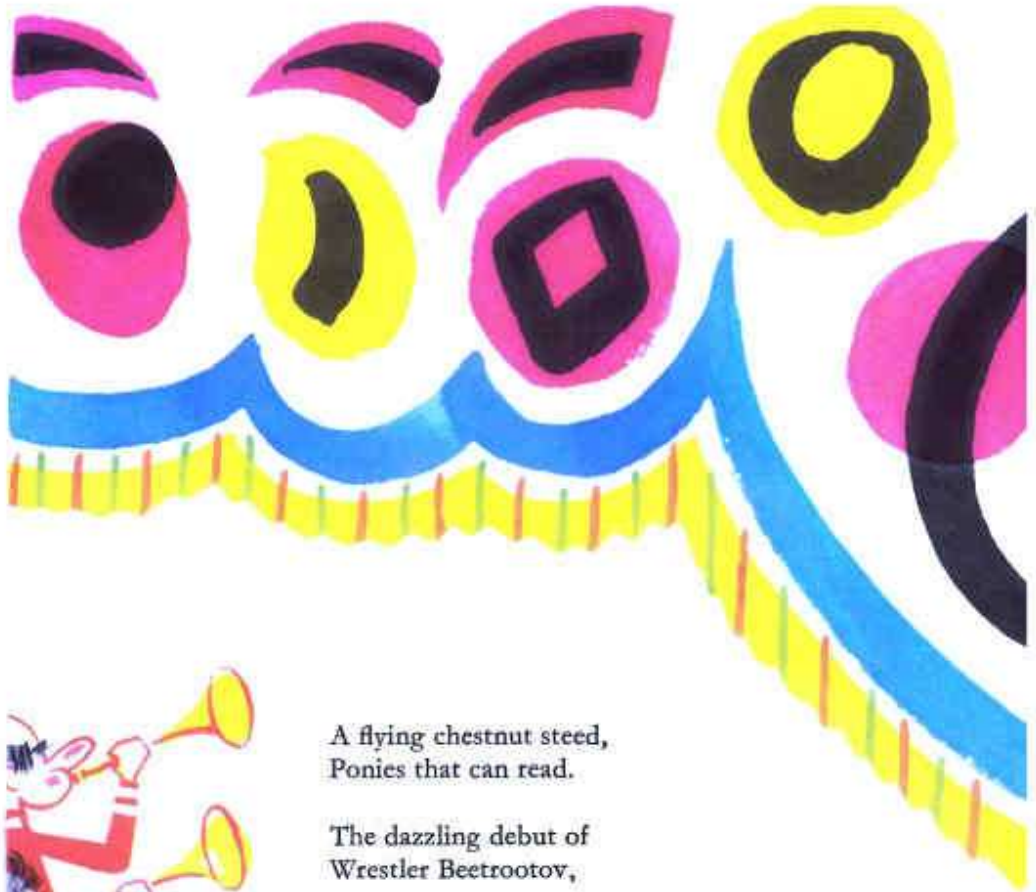
CIRCUS

THE CIRCUS

Today, the first time ever,
For children and grown-ups—
Trained seals and dancing lions,
Somersaulting pups.

A troupe of juggling bearcubs,
Squirrel acrobats,
Jumbo, tightrope-walker,
Chorus-singing cats.

World champions in athletics,
Two brothers, strong and tall,
Toss an iron dumbell
Like a rubber ball.



A flying chestnut steed,
Ponies that can read.

The dazzling debut of
Wrestler Beetrootov,

Shows worth your money,
Thrilling and funny,

Toffee and ices.
Moderate prices.

Ten copecks a seat,
Comfy and neat.

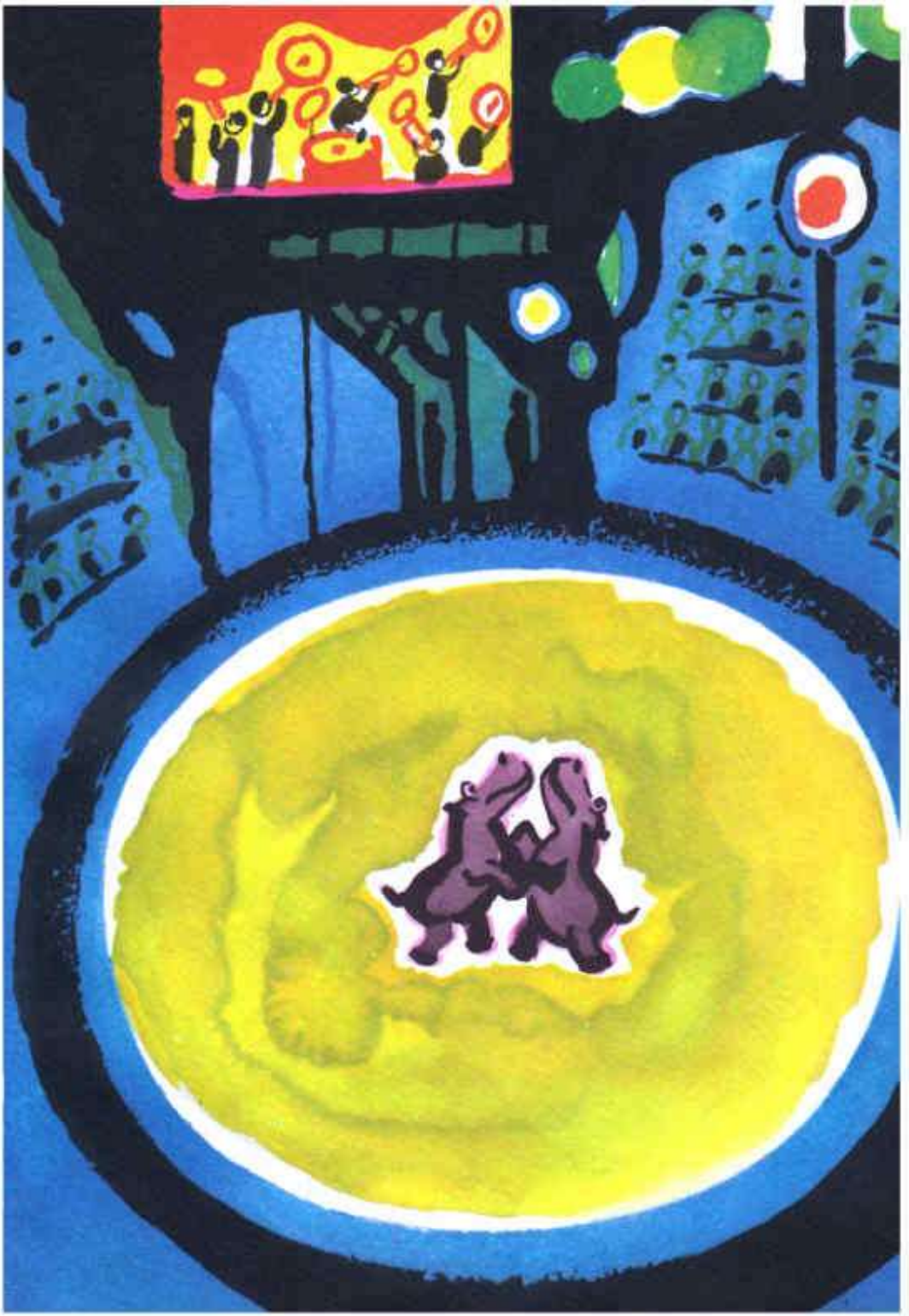
Exit quite free—
No ticket or fee!

1

Attention! Our programme begins.
Two tame hippopotamus-twins,
Winners of dancing prizes,
Bring you heaps of surprises.

2

Chee-Chee, the envy
of players and bands
Plays the piano
with all four hands.

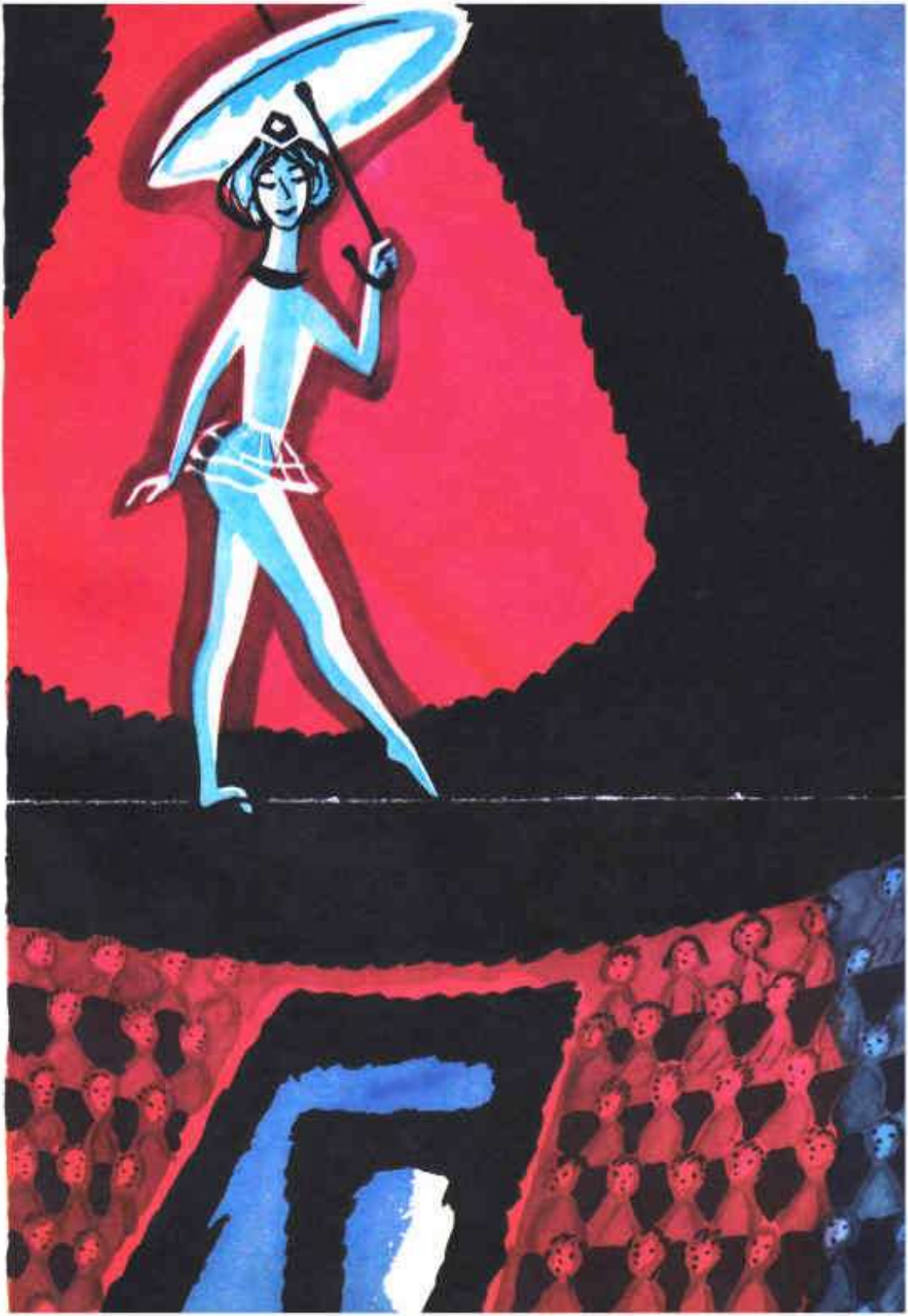


3

Lithe and nimble as a monkey
Comes a poodle on a donkey.
It trots and prances, rears and vaults,
Turning double somersaults.

4

Swaying like a flower-stalk,
Miss Jackson takes a tightrope-walk.



5

Squirrels, hares and two black sable
Play as loud as they are able.

Conductor Penguin from his stand
Waves a baton at the band.

In his frock-coat, spick and span,
He looks a perfect gentleman.

Two racoons, not shown before,
Turn the pages of the score.

6

An acrobat with grace and ease
Hangs by his teeth from a trapeze.
With teeth so fine he'd surely do
For advertising toothpaste too.

7

As cool as any icicle,
Miss Fry rides half a bicycle.

8

Our circusmen taught Bobby-Bear
To wash his pants and underwear,
And trained the giant turtle Bert
To iron out a laundered shirt.

9

Juggler Jumbo comes along,
Very big and very strong,

Tossing skyward without stop
A doll, a vase and a pint of pop.

10

Two clowns, one ginger and one white
End their chat with a hearty fight:

"That red tomato on your face–
It looks completely out of place."

"Tomato? Everybody knows
It's my own beloved nose!"

Lion-tamer Mary Grey
Can make the wildest beast obey.

Attendants open the steel door.
Ten lions enter with a roar.

Mary Grey then cracks her whip:
Ten lion-tails begin to flip.

"Now," asks Mary, "tell me, do,
What's the sum of two plus two?"

Leo brings four weights and roars,
Meaning, "Two plus two makes four!"

С. Маршак

Стихи для детей

на английском языке

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